Becky the Brat's Book Report
By Yu May and Dr. Kriege

Part 1: Bottom of the Class

"It is a truth universally acknowledged, that a bratty girl in possession of a good bottom and a bad attitude, must be in need of a spanking."

The words were written in immaculate handwriting on the board behind Mr. Paimon's desk, as he sorted the pile of graded book reports into two neat piles. He was a silver-haired, spectacled man who looked like he'd much rather be working in the Oxford Faculty of English. "I have the marks for your recent essay on *Pride and Prejudice*. Some of you did well. Others less so. Before I begin handing out the marks, does anybody wish to confess to not doing the reading assignment? Confession will grant you *Absolution*." Above his desk, an oversized paddle named 'Absolution' hung, ready to be granted.

Becky Skiee filed her nails, failing to notice the paddle, and grumbled under her breath. She was totally blond, totally tan, and unmistakably a California-valley babe. "Sigh…glad that's over. I hate all that action adventure stuff. I prefer rom-coms! Hopefully we get to do something more romantic next. Like *50 Shades of Grey*."

Mr. Paimon did not overhear this last comment, and began calling out students' names and grades, eventually reaching Becky's name. "Becky Skiee: F. Congratulations, you have achieved the worst grade in the class. You clearly gave this assignment the minimum of effort."

Becky pouted. "What are you talking about? I wrote about every single boring scene. It's about how prejudice against zombies is bad, and we should be proud of that."

"There are no zombies in *Pride and Prejudice*. At least find a way to tell me you only watched the movie without simply telling me you only watched the movie, Becky. For that matter, you watched the wrong movie. About the only thing you got right on this paper is your name. Did you read any of the book at all?"

"Sure I did. I read the cover. 'Pride and Prejudice.' I know all about that stuff."

Mr. Paimon adjusted his spectacles, and examined Becky's essay. "Perhaps I should read some of your essay to the class. They might find your prose…instructive.

As some of Becky's classmates began to snigger, he began to read. "And I quote, 'Mr. Darcy should have no trouble getting laid with a butt like that. But he better show that queen bitch some respect, or she'll smite him like she did the walking dead guys.' Oh my, an allusion."

"Nuh, uh. It's a pop culture reference. There's nothing magic about it."

"Aptly put, Miss Skiee. Please, stand up and come to the front of the class."

With a sniff, Becky rose from her seat, and power-walked like a supermodel. Mr. Paimon slid his chair out from behind his desk, then turned to face her. "Becky, not only have you clearly not completed the reading assignment, you continue to lie about it. That has earned you not one but two spankings. Normally, I would assign extra homework to the entire class, but I don't feel like grading any more of your essays than absolutely necessary in my brief, remaining life."

Mr. Paimon seated himself, and patted his thigh. "I believe a simple, direct punishment is in order. Now, get across my lap!"

Becky blinked. Then, Becky pictured a comic book thought cloud above her head, containing a picture of her amazing behind being pinned with a blue ribbon. "Huh? But I've been voted 'Hottest Ass at Hell High.' You can't spank me. I have political power here now."

As the classroom erupted into jeering giggles, Mr. Paimon smirked. "I can assure you, this is only going to reinforce your place in that most coveted position."

Becky tried to have a lightbulb moment. Then the 2-watt bulb above her head fizzled out. "Wat?"

"I'm going to give you a very, very hot ass, Miss Skiee." Abruptly, Mr. Paimon grabbed her wrist and pulled her across his knees.

Becky pictured her ass bursting into flames, before the realisation of the situation finally dawned on her, and her thought cloud disappeared with a poof.

She tried to struggle, only to be forced back down across his lap. "Nooo! I'm too popular to spank! Please, not in front of the whole class!"

"Oh, a public spanking won't hurt your popularity, Becky. If anything, it will enhance it. I assure you, by lunchtime, half the school will be talking about Becky Skiee, and how badly she got spanked today..."

Mr. Paimon trailed off as he lifted Becky's skirt, revealing the sheer nylons that covered her backside. From the watching class there were a number of gasps. As if on cue, one of the young ladies obligingly dropped a wine glass, though what she was drinking in English class remained a mystery.

Mr. Paimon tightened his mouth. "Becky Skiee...what are these?"

Becky glanced backward, and noticed that her backside was now the center of attention for the entire class. "Huh? They're stockings of course. They're in vogue this season."

Mr. Paimon landed a sharp clap across the gossamer thin seat of Becky's nylons. "These are tights. Didn't you read the dress code, Becky? They clearly explain that students are not allowed to wear tights on campus. Only socks and pull-up stockings are permitted."

"Yow! …Are you, like, blind? These *are* stockings! Tights are what superheroes wear! You ever seen a superhero in pantyhose? Duh!"

Mr. Paimon rubbed his eyes. "Urgh! 'Pantyhose'? Becky, this is English class. And so long as that remains the name of the language, I will not accept crass *American* vernacular in my classroom."

Becky writhed atop his lap. "This makes no sense! They cover my legs! Who cares what they're called?"

"Becasue, in *England*, these are known as tights, and tights are strictly forbidden. You are out of uniform. Which will earn you an extra spanking. And since these..."

He grabbed the tights and pulled them upward into a taut wedgie. "...are providing *some* cushioning to your bottom, school rules allow me to double the length of each spanking administered.

Then he let them snap back against Becky's behind. Already, the fabric had begun to ladder. Becky gasped as she felt relief from the wedgie. "Ow! Oooh! Oh, please, sir! This is embarrassing! You're going to ruin my stockings!"

Raising an eyebrow, he started to slowly tug the tights downward, slowly. "Perhaps you'd like me to remove them?"

Becky caught her breath as she felt her upper butt crack exposed to the open air. "Oof? Nooooo! Not on the bare! Not my beautiful ass!"

As he released his hold on the undergarments, Mr. Paimon patted them back in place, unable to disguise the note of a gloating tone. "You get double spankings for having them covered, Becky. Are you sure you don't want it on the bare?"

Becky blinked. "Wel... um..."

Then she peered back, staring at her own bottom.

Three seconds passed.

Six seconds.

From Mr. Paimon’s desk, his ancient computer suddenly played the AOL internet noise as it struggled to connect to the internet. Becky forced a smile. “Can't we just do the thing where I get what I want? I could, you know, meet you after class and do some…extra credit?" Becky blatantly made a hand gesture that resembled stuffing an invisible banana in her mouth.

Mr. Paimon answered with another playful smack. "I suspect you get your way in other classes, Becky, but in mine, you shall pass it fairly. Perhaps a warm up will give you some time to consider."

He rubbed the flat of his palm against Becky’s delightful bottom, before raising his hand high and landing a ferocious clap across her shapely ass.

Becky winced. "Yeeow! Ooww! Ouch! Okay, I get it! Reading is good and stuff!"

"See, such a breakthrough already. Imagine what we'll accomplish after your full six spankings."

Becky’s eyes popped open. "Six? But…six is more than two?"

"One for not doing the reading assignment."

Mr. Paimon punctuated his sentence with an open-palmed slap to the crown of Becky’s bottom.

SMACK!

"Another for lying..."

WHACK!

"A third for being out of uniform."

THWACK!

"That’s three spankings. Then doubled, for having your bottom covered up."

With that, he began to spank at a brisk, steady pace.

SMACK! SMACK! SMACK!

Becky yowled between each spank, and wriggled her rump. "Ooch! H-hold on! Ouch! All I wanted to know is if I could have one spanking over clothing—OW!—instead of over the bare! I didn't know I was agreeing to this! Eep! I want it on the bare! *On the bare!!"*

Unperturbed, Mr. Paimon continued raining hard smacks down across her thinly protected bottom. "Too late, Becky. I'm afraid school rules prohibit me from stopping a spanking once it has started."

It was a fact little known to the students at Hell High that each student had a file, which was shared amongst the faculty. Contained within each file were, among other things, notes on the location of any sweet spots on their rear and the angle of stroke needed to produce the maximum effect. It had been observed by other teachers that Becky carried extra puppy fat on her behind, so it was recommended that more force be used to spank Becky than most female students. It had also been noted that she was quite bothered by the sensation of welts, and complained that they were a blemish that marred the beauty of her perfect butt.

Mr. Paimon took a short pause to stretch her butt cheeks taut. To Becky's great regret, she felt welts in the shape of his splayed fingers rising against the snug fabric. "Ooh…come on! Don't school rules give you a little–um–what's the word for doing whatever the hell you want? Oh yeah! Prosecutorial discretion! Can't you let me off easy, just this once?"

Mr. Paimon only began to spank again, in earnest. Becky howled as she felt the impact of each slap increase in force, along with the quickening pace of the spanking. She prayed to no one in particular that her gambit would work. *"After all, who could possibly resist this booty?"*

It appeared Mr. Paimon could, at least for the next five minutes. Relentlessly he spanked Becky's partially protected ass, until she was left howling. He waved his stinging hand. "Alright Becky. One spanking is over. You wished to ask me something?"

"Ooooh, gosh…Huh? Oh, um... can I get the other kind of spanking? The one where I only get two spankings or something?"

He stroked her backside, almost lovingly. "Well. You *were* due six spankings because you insisted on being covered up. You've had one so that would leave five more. However, if you wish to change your mind and have your bottom bared for your spankings, I can reduce that number down to just three."

Becky nodded furiously. "Oh yes! Bare is better! I'll show you my bare bottom all you want!"

He patted her bottom. "Very well Becky, up you get."

Mr. Paimon lifted his arm and allowed Becky to stand. "Now, bare that bottom, Missy."

Becky reached for the hem of her pantyhose/tights, then suddenly remembered the rest of the class. "H-hold on! I thought you meant you wanted to see my bare bottom after class. Can't I get the short, bare-bottom version of the spanking... without baring my bottom?"

"Of course not. You are still trying to negotiate, but I am not interested in bargaining. I *was* willing to let you bare your bottom, and give you just three more spankings, instead of the remaining five spankings you currently have coming. But if you don't want that deal..."

Grabbing Becky by the wrist, he yanked her across his lap once more.

Becky flapped her arms, wildly. "Nooo! Hold on! Let's make a new deal! If you give me what I want, I'll do whatever you want! I'll wear a catgirl costume! A maid outfit! Spandex! Whatever your perverted little heart desires!"

He pinned her between his legs to restrain her, and used his knee to prop her bottom up at a sharp angle. "Rules prohibit me stopping once a spanking has started, and it starts as soon as you go over my knee. Also, the disciplinary manual recommends that I use a different implement for each spanking."

He picked a wooden ruler off his desk and dangled it in front of Becky's face. "This should do nicely"

Becky stared at the ruler. "Noooo! What do you want from me? Tits? Ass? Feet pics?"

"What I want, Becky, is for you to have done your reading assignment. But since you haven't, I am going to ensure you are appropriately chastised."

With that Mr. Paimon swapped the ruler to his other hand and landed a solid stroke across Becky's rear end.

THWAP!

"Yiiiikes! I-in that case, h-how about if I do a make-up assignment? I'll, uh, do a creative writing project? I could draw a picture of how the story made me feel? Eeeeeek!"

"This isn't art class, Becky. This is English. And the English for what you're about to get is a sound thrashing!"

Slowly, carefully, Mr. Paimon began delivering solid whacks with the ruler, working downward along Becky's tight-clad buttocks. Each one layered perfectly so there was no overlap, but no inch of Becky's rear was spared. He prided himself on his skills with a ruler. *"Measure twice, cut once,"* he mused.

When, at last, he reached the bottom of her cheeks, he delivered a second stroke across her lower bottom, and began the process all over again in reverse, leaving each fresh red mark directly above the previous one.

Becky howled as she felt the heat rising against her tights. "Gyaah! Omigooooooosh!"

Her tights and regulation school panties barely provided any cushioning effect. Becky lost the limited coherence she had, and started stammering between each stroke.

Mr. Paimon raised an eyebrow as he delivered another set of strokes with the ruler. *“She’s a bit tougher than I expected, for a valley girl. Perhaps she’s grown used to being spanked by now,”* he thought.

Becky yelped and hollered, but she still hadn’t shed a single tear yet.

With a nod of disapproval, Mr. Paimon set aside the ruler. "That’s two. Now, are you wanting four more spankings, Becky, or are you wanting to halve your total back to three by baring your ass?"

She hissed, the pain of the spanking quickly overcoming her fear of embarrassment. "Four... three... wait, I get less spanking if I go bare, right? Okay! Okay, like, I'll totally bare my butt!"

Smiling, Mr. Paimon took the opportunity to remove Becky’s shoes, admiring her dainty feet as she kicked them behind her. Finally, he let her up off his lap. "Up you get."

He stood, and pointed to a wooden stool, which was sitting in the opposite corner of the room.

"Now, stand on top of the timeout chair.”

“Huh... stand? But... stools are for sitting?"

He delivered a single hard smack, landing it directly across the center of Becky’s backside.

Becky squeaked, and hopped in place.

Mr. Paimon crossed his arms. “If you don’t obey, we can start over. Would you like that?"

Still bouncing like a bunny, Becky hopped over and up onto the stool. "Eep! No sir! Woah... I'm super obedient, see?"

Mr. Paimon sighed, then marched to his desk, and fumbled through the drawers. "Good. You can continue to demonstrate contrition by removing any articles of clothing which may inhibit my chastisement of your rear. Specifically your skirt and panties."

Nodding, Becky dropped her panties and skirt and tossed them aside casually. Then she tied up her blouse at the front to expose her midriff, rocking precariously on the stool.

Then, she heard someone snicker, and suddenly, finally, she remembered the class was watching. "Ugh…at least this is my last spanking!”

Delicately, Mr. Paimon scooped up Becky's discarded clothing. "Don't be absurd, Miss Skiee. You have three bare bottom spankings coming."

Becky stiffened. "Huh? But you already gave me two! Three minus two is one!"

The rest of class started to titter as they slowly realized the irony of Becky's situation.

Mr. Paimon set Becky's skirt and panties in a desk drawer. "That was when you were being stubborn, and insisted on keeping your bottom clothed. The alternative was three spankings on the bare, so that is what you will get."

"Huh? That's no fair!"

"It's perfectly fair. I'm giving you exactly what I promised I'd give you."

Becky stomped her foot, nearly knocking over the stool she was standing on. "Woah! Well, screw this! If I had known that, I'd never have agreed to baring my butt. Just gimme the six spankings, you jerk!"

Mr. Paimon slammed the drawer shut, and took a deep breath. "As you wish, Miss Skiee."

Becky stuck her nose in the air. "Cool! So, gimme my clothes back."

He opened a second drawer, and pulled out a box of soap. "No. That's not part of the deal we made..."

"What deal?"

"You asked for six spankings. So I will happily oblige. But first, we need to do something about that sharp tongue of yours."

He reached up and pinched Becky's ear between forefinger and thumb. She arched backwards, nearly falling off. "Yeep! Hold on, I thought you meant, like, the meet-me-after-class-wearing-a-bunny-suit deal!"

"No. You asked to go back to the six spankings, so that is what we'll do. That means you have four more to go. But, look on the bright side…"

With a twist of his wrist, he forced her to twist her head and look at all the class watching her. Some of the boys had stuffed their fists into their mouths to contain their laughter. "...you're the most popular girl in class right now."

Becky's knees wobbled as she nearly fell off the stool. "Watch it! You're gonna make me fall on my ass!"

"Well, jump down then!" He landed a pop across her rear with his free hand..

Becky yowled and hopped backwards off the stool, clutching her rear. Then she danced in place, rubbing it.

Mr. Paimon clicked his tongue. "Tut, tut. Rubbing without permission, Becky? You know better than that. And you know the penalty for it too!"

Becky froze. "Huh? Penalty? But what's hockey got to do with this?"

"I don't know what hockey is, and I don't care to know. I'm referring to the punishment for unauthorized rubbing during a spanking. Think hard, Becky. I'm sure you can remember what it is!"

Becky suddenly noticed she was naked below the waist, and covered her groin. "Um… I have to wear something super dorky and embarrassing? Like last summer's seasonal line?"

"Actually I think making you go around the rest of the day dressed like that will be suitable."

She glanced down. "But... I'm not dressed?"

"But think how popular that will make you with the boys. Now, where was I? Ah, yes! The penalty! Rubbing your bottom means I'll have to start your six spankings, all over from the beginning. Which means I can also reuse your favorite implement..."

He hauled Becky by her ear toward his desk, and snatched up the wooden ruler. Becky's eyes went wide as she saw the horrible ruler. "No! That's my least favorite!"

"Precisely."

Becky rolled back her head and wailed to the heavens. "Aaargh! I *hate* this crummy schooooool!"

Mr. Paimon snatched Becky's hands away from her crotch, and forced her to bend over and rest her weight against the desk. Hellish flames sparked to life, covering Becky's bottom. Squealing, she immediately assumed the proper stance, poking out her posterior to present a proper target for punishment.

Mr. Paimon raised the ruler high. "Well, you can hate this school all you want, but you won't be sitting down comfortably while you're busy hating it." Once again, he systematically delivered a

fresh set of parallel strokes with the ruler, layered neat red lines across Becky's now bare bottom.

SNAP! CRACK! THWACK!

"Yaaaagh!" Becky's resolve started to crumble, more from frustration than from the pain. But as she felt the hellfire start to die down, Becky forced herself to stick out her bottom, if only to save it from burning any further.

After finishing another set of ruler strokes, covering Becky's behind from top to bottom and from bottom back to top, Mr. Paimon laid down the ruler and opened his desk drawer. "This implement looks promising. What do you think, Becky?"

He dangled a short, round paddle before her eyes.

Becky fumed. "Oh, come on! The ruler was bad enough!"

"As much as I appreciate the ruler, I can't use the same item twice. This is your second of the six bare bottom spankings you agreed to. I suppose you're as spendthrift with verbal contracts as you are with reading literature."

With that, he landed the paddle firmly on Becky's right cheek! She danced in place, kicking her feet up behind her. "Owwww! This is like, ass-salt and battery, or whatever!"

From the neighbouring music class, there came the muffled sound of a rimchat. *"Ba-dum-tss!"*

As if in tribute, Mr. Paimon started to play a percussion instrument of his own, though in this case, it was the butt bongo. Becky performed an apt lyrical accompaniment, even if she was improvising the words.

She wailed, in time to the music team playing "Oh Danny Boy" next door. "Oooh, bloody hell! My ass! My ass is stinging!"

"Oh, such a fuss you're making, Miss Skiee! At this rate, by the time your six spankings are through, we'll have enough material for a whole album."

From the front row of the class, a young woman raised her hand to speak. She was wearing an unauthorized pin that marked her as a member of the Swifty cult. "You could call it The Tortured Rear's Department?"

Mr. Paimon narrowed his eyes as he paddled Becky, harder and faster. "Don't interrupt, Miss Americana, or you're next."

By this point, Becky had been reduced to incoherent hollering.

“Wah. Waah! Waaaaaah!” Her sorrowful wails were accompanied by the sound of a sad trombone from next door.

Mr. Paimon made an approving noise, and set aside the paddle. "Well, Miss Skiee, that’s two bare bottomed spankings down, four more to go, and it looks like I'm finally getting through to you. You certainly have gone a lovely shade of red. At both ends. Now are you ready for your next spanking?"

She blubbered like a bawling, bare-bottomed, baby, before she comprehended his words and dropped to her knees clutching at his shoes. “Oh please sir, have mercy! My ass can’t take this abuse!”

"Well you already sacrificed all your clothes below the waist. What else do you have to offer, if you want me to show you any mercy?"

“Um… my eternal gratitude?”

The whole class laughed uproariously. Even Mr. Paimon chuckled. "Sorry, not interested. On to your next spanking, then."

He opened the seemingly bottomless drawer which contained his spanking tools and rummaged around, giving Becky some time to think.

Another 2-watt lightbulb appeared over Becky’s head. “Wait… you want me to take off my top?”

Mr. Paimon pulled an impossibly long cane out of the small drawer, then reached his arm back into the infinite void within the drawer. "Hmm…are you saying you'll go completely naked, Becky, just to get out of a spanking?"

Becky looked down at her ample breasts, then at the giggling students, then at her red bottom, and finally at him, her lip quivering. “Pwease… no more spanking!”

Mr. Paimon pulled out a three-tougued leather strap, then strolled to stand in front of Becky. "Well this is Hell High. No more spanking is unlikely. But I'll agree to spare you your next spanking, *if* you agree to go naked for the rest of the day?"

Becky’s lip quivered. “Okaaaay…”

Mr. Paimon reached around to pet Becky’s behind, then stroked his calloused palm against the blistering hot surface of her skin."Hmm, hottest bottom in school indeed!"

Flinching, Becky savored the brief relief provided by the massage, then hung her head as she heard the snickers behind her.

Slowly, she started unbuttoning the back of her shirt, before Mr. Paimon grabbed her hands to stop her. "Face the class, Becky. You're providing them a lesson, you may as well provide them a good view." He punctuated the request with a smack to her lower bottom.

Becky danced on her heels, and spun around.“Eek… yessir!”

Facing the class, she let her top drop below her bare shoulders, revealing a designer bra.

Mr. Paimon cooed. "Oh dear, Becky…You know, I don't think that bra is on the approved uniform list." His voice was heavy with implication.

Becky tensed. “Oh no, sir! I did everything you asked! Surely, you don’t mean…”

He gave her bottom a firm love tap. "Another spanking? That’s the only proper punishment for a dress code violation. As long as you’re wearing that bra, you'll be out of uniform. Of course, you always have the option to *remove* the offending article of clothing. But you know what that means..."

Crying profusely over the howls of laughter, Becky slowly unbuckled the back of her bra. Just before it fell, she clapped the front to her chest with one hand, whining. “Oh, please sir, pretty please–”

Mr. Paimon cut off her protests with a hard smack on her bare bottom. "No covering!"

He pointed to her front. "That goes for down here too. Put your hands on your head and give your classmates a turn. Let them see what a stupid, naughty dunce of a girl looks like."

Slowly, Becky complied. By the time she finished turning, she snivelled, then wept in despair.

Mr. Paimon checked his watch, giving her a few moments to stop crying long enough to hear him. "Now, you'll be pleased to hear our agreement holds. I'll let you off your next spanking, so long as you agree to remain like that all day. Sadly, you still had four more spankings coming. Now, I doubt you’re doing any better in maths than you are in English, but what do you get if you're due four spankings, minus one spanking?"

In sheer horror, Becky let her jaw drop.“Three *more* spankings!”

"See, you can subtract. You just need to be properly motivated. We should spank you like this every lesson."

Tears spilled down Becky’s face like waterfalls. “Why is the universe doing this to meeeeee?!”

"Because you didn't do your homework and lied about it....."

Becky pranced on the balls of her feet, as if she was trying to run away, only to stay trapped in one place. “I didn’t lie! I only said I read the title!”

He sat back down, smiling broadly. "You also claimed these weren't tights you were wearing, which was a bare-faced lie. And bare-faced liars get bare-assed spankings."

Becky hopped with rage, sending her boobies bouncing. “But my mommy calls them stockings! She really did! I memba’ cuz she said I couldn’t wear them back in America! I wanna go home! Waaaah!”

Then she stumbled, tripped, and flopped forward, landing right across his lap.

Mr. Paimon patted her bottom, playfully. "We need to deal with your coarse American attempt at spoken language. I'll be inviting your mother to my office to discuss her parental support of your education. But first...."

He landed an open-palmed slap across Becky’s tender rear, holding the small of her back while she bucked and howled. "Wha! Wah! Woooow!”

In the neighbouring music class a trombone echoed Becky’s cry with three sad notes, as if to mock Becky’s predicament.

By now, Becky had fully melted into incoherent tears, flailing as her bottom got soundly spanked yet again.

Finally, Mr. Paimon paused the punishment. "Are you going to give me any more trouble, young lady? Because if you mess around or try to cover up you know what will happen?"

Given Becky’s lack of academic ability it was entirely possible she did not know what would happen, so Mr. Paimon chose to punctuate the question with three more quick smacks to her very red cheeks.

Becky screamed. "No, no, noooo!"

But he cut off her final trailing cry with a reverberating slap. She gasped, then sheepishly asked him to repeat the question. After he did, she paused to consider her answer. "I'll... um... get more spankings?"

"That's the first thing you've gotten right all day, young lady. Now on your feet and march straight to the sink."

He scooped up the box of soap from his desk, and pointed firmly to the back of the class.

Becky stumbled naked past all her sniggering classmates.“The sink? Are you going to… spank me with the kitchen sink?”

Mr. Paimon reached past Becky to turn on the water. "No Becky, I'm not going to spank you with the sink. That would be silly. And highly impractical. We are going to wash your mouth out with some good old English soap."

"But why? I didn't use any cuss words."

Mr. Paimon shook his head as he lathered the bar of soap. "Believe me your coarse American tongue was enough! When I’m through with you, you'll know to call things by their proper English names. And be able to put 'U's' in the appropriate places."

As he released the soap, it floated in midair, floating towards Becky’s terror-striken face.

Becky stammered, before the bar of soap helpfully flew into her mouth. “Buh—bumff!!”

Mr. Paimon rubbed his shoulder. "Goodness, my arm needs a rest. Tell you what, Becky, I’ll have you write some lines in lieu of one of your remaining spankings. You’d like that, wouldn’t you?"

Soap suds dripped from the bar. “Wyen’th? Yeth’ppft! Yeff, pweeth!”

Mr. Paimon spun her around, and patted her behind to goose her forward. "Very well. Back to the front of the class, Becky. Up to the blackboard and write the following one hundred times: 'I am a dumb, air-headed blonde.' And no covering!"

She made a whiny noise but obeyed. As she wrote, "I am a dumb, air-headed blonde," she wondered how absurd she must look.

Becky had no choice but to stand there, dripping tears from her eyes and soap from her mouth, writing lines like a beautiful, butt-naked Bart Simpson. But she felt a sense of relief. *“At least this is almost over!”* thought Becky.

Of course if she had really put her mind to it Becky might have realised that, even after finishing the lines, she still had one more spanking left.

As Mr. Paimon carefully set aside the ruler and the round paddle, he considered the other implements in his seemingly infinite drawer. Becky "happily" carried on writing, oblivious of what was happening behind her

After Becky had written about ten repetitions, Mr. Paimon glanced up to check her progress. "Damn it, Becky, your handwriting is illegible, and at this rate you'll be here all day. I'll just have to give you your last spanking now, then keep you after class to finish the rest.

"Becky stiffened, then turned, dropping to her knees. “Buh ah diff waffu pp’thaid!”

"Let's start by seeing if this soap has washed the coarse American accent out of you."

He popped the soap bar out of Becky’s mouth.The moment Becky started talking, she spoke in an unmistakable, old-school Cockney accent, straight out of BBC period dramas. “Oi! But, it ain’t a fair cop, guvna! I wrote the bleedin’ lines and all, jus’ like yoo asked!”

Once again, he took hold of Becky’s ear and marched her down the classroom to the sink. "Oh dear. This is going to require much more than a simple soaping."

Next door, a trombone player from the music class obligingly provided a strained 'whooooooooow' sound as the class rubbernecked to follow Becky’s progress. Once they reached the sink Mr. Paimon dipped the soap bar in the water.

"Do not worry Miss Skiee, we will soon have you speaking the King's English. Now open wide...." To facilitate his request he released Becky’s ear and gave the naked brat a firm slap to her rear.

Becky hopped in place, howling. “Aaow! Me bloomin’ aaaaarr—” The now wet and sudsy bar of soap was firmly inserted into Becky’s mouth. Mr. Paimon pinched Becky’s nose with his free hand and worked the soap bar back and forth. "When this is done you'll be talking like a sweet little angel. Now, be a dear and roll your tongue around the soap. Let the suds fill all the nooks and crannies."

As froth and bubbles spilled from Becky’s mouth, she mumbled in a distinctly British manner. “Mumth, frirr? Mammph ah meemph ffummph’d eenoofh?” Mr. Paimon removed the soap bar.

"Spit," he instructed, gesturing to the sink. As Becky bent over, gagging on soap suds, the whole class was treated to a nice rear view of her backside. Becky hacked up a loogie, then looked at him pitifully. “Oh, please sir, haven’t I been punished enough?”

Finally, it was Perfect King’s English.

"Well your accent is sorted, but you are still due another spanking, Becky. Unless you'd like to confess your sins of Sloth and Pride, and seek Absolution?" He glanced slyly at the large, engraved paddle hanging above his desk.

Becky’s eyes looked hopeful. “Oh, good sir, do you really mean it? Verily? If I confess, you’ll spare me the last spanking?”

“Of course not. Can’t you read? The name of the paddle is Absolution. You’ll be getting a taste of it, in either case.”

Becky stared at the paddle and slowly put two and two together. Then, suddenly, she slipped into a thick Scottish accent. “Wuh? Ye snake-tongued blighter! Och, A widnae hae confessed a single word if A’d kent that wis whit ye were up tae, ye treacherous auld scunner!”

Mr. Paimon scowled. "Scottish? Honestly Becky, are you too stupid to know what an English accent is? It seems a remedial lesson in basic geography is in order." Pinching her by the ear, he hoisted her up onto her tiptoes, forcing her to scuttle along after him as he dragged her back to his desk.

Mr. Paimon retrieved the long wooden paddle from its mantle, spinning it to show Becky the engraved name up close: “Absolution.” "Also, it's hardly my fault if you forgot about my paddle. I mentioned it at the very start of the lesson."

Becky struggled futilely as she was led along. “Ya great fookin’ bounder! I’ll scratch yer eyes out!”

"You wouldn't be threatening a teacher would you, Becky? Because you know exactly what the punishment is for such uncivilized behavior."

Becky was practically having a conniption. Her accent was now “free flowing” across any number of the colonies vaguely connected to the British Empire. At the moment, she sounded distinctly Australian. “Do your worst, yah bugger!”

"As you request, Miss Skiee." Mr. Paimon hoisted her across his desk, ass facing the class, and gripped the long, two-handed handle of the paddle.

Becky struggled to stand, but it was as if her hands were superglued to the top of the desk. She swore, now slipping into an Irish accent. “Noooo! Ye’ fookin’ gobshite!”

After testing his swing, just like a baseball player, Mr. Paimon landed a ferocious swipe of the paddle, easily covering Becky’s entire butt. After Becky felt the first impact she was momentarily stunned, then howled, bouncing up on her heels and kicking her legs in a delayed reaction. “Bloody baaaaaalls!”

"Ah, see, that's a much better enunciation! Now, let’s see if we can drive home the distinction between the United Kingdom and Great Britain. No more gaelic expressions, if you know what’s good for you."

He struck her again, producing an echoing thunderclap.

After two spanks it seemed that Becky had finally rediscovered proper Shakespearean English. “Ooh! Prithee, sir! Mercy! I don’t want no more! Boo hooooo!”

"Ah, see, proper progress has been made. We are obviously getting to the bottom of the problem....."

WHAP!

“Yooow! Oh, alas! Alas for mine ass!”

"Good girl. Now are you going to do your homework in future?"

CRACK!

Becky squealed as the paddle pressed her ass flat.“Yeeesss! Yes, sirrrrr!”

"And you're going to wire your lines, *legibly*, on my blackboard?"

WHACK!

Becky slapped her forehead down against the desk. “Yes! I will! I’ll do—hooo! Dooooo iiiiiiit!!”

"And you'll spend the rest of the day without your uniform?"

THWAP! THWOP!

Before Becky could answer his first question, Mr. Paimon quickly delivered a second stroke of the paddle. "And no covering up?"

Becky roared as she felt the cumulative effect of the paddling build to a blazing butt-bonfire. “All right, Yes! Ooooowww! Yes, yes, whatever you say!!”

"Well, I *said* do your homework!"

THWACK!

“Aaaagh! Yes yes yes! I’ll do anything! Oooooh-aauuu!"

"Very well, Becky. Get back to that blackboard and get on with those lines. I'll be writing your mother, and I do hope she enforces the rule that a spanking at school means a spanking at home. Because then you'll have another six to come...."

“Yeesss…ssirrrr…” Snivelling, Becky made her way to the blackboard and began writing out her lines. Her penmanship was as awful as ever. Shakily, she started to write out an eleventh repetition of: “I am a dumb, airheaded blonde.”

Mr. Paimon clicked his tongue as we watched. "Oh dear Becky. Your writing is still terrible. What can we possibly do to motivate you to be neater?"

He gave her a gentle love tap to her rear, much to the amusement of the class.

Becky stiffened, then looked up at her teacher with the eyes of a whipped puppy dog. “Umm… give me extra handwriting homework?”

"I would. But you see, Becky, I can't trust you to do your homework can I?"

He patted her bottom again, squeezing each of her hot butt-cheeks, one after the other.Two tears trickled down her face. In her despair, she couldn’t even speak.

Mr. Paimon gave her a final pinch, twisting the puppy fat on her bottom, before releasing his hold on her. "But you’ve had six suitable punishments, and I suppose my arm is getting tired. I’ll have to keep you after class, so you can practice proper handwriting in detention. I’ll be monitoring you, very closely."

She sighed with relief. "Yes sir."

But later that day, as Becky sat on a hard, unyielding wooden stool, wearing nothing but a dunce cap, her throbbing ass was a vivid reminder that this had not been her best idea after all.

After twelve tries, she finally copied her line in handwriting that was deemed legible, and was allowed to continue writing the rest of her lines. Then, Mr. Paimon handed her a copy of *Pride and Prejudic*e, and ordered her to sit in the corner, while he finished grading his next batch of book reports.

Glancing nervously over her shoulder, Becky fidgeted uncomfortably on her seat. Mr. Paimon had been kind enough to give her a rough Brillo pad to act as a “seat cushion.”

Wincing, Becky examined the man and woman depicted on the cover of the book, which was a 1990s edition meant to coincide with the release of the BBC television adaptation. “Huh. He’s kind of a hot piece of ass. I can see the appeal.”

And so, Becky set to reading.

The End